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## Magic Tricks and some Real Magic



electricity

magic

realworld

110 1 5

### Chapter 1 by Leohran Eliquis

I'm prone to spontaneous fits of blight light, static electricity, and accidentally wiping my thumb drive just by holding it. I have the ability to control electromagnetic energy, when I manage some semblance of control. Long story short, I can bend light, create magnetic fields, and with great effort, charge a battery. I love science and when I found out that I have what I can only call magic, I about lost it.

My experiments have resulted in my curly dark chocolate hair in frizzy cloud on my head when collected far to much static trying to light an incandescent light bulb in my hand as well as burning my poor fingers on said bulb. I've lost three and a half school projects to my magic. Twice when I got too excited with my thumb drive in my pocket, wiping it, and another time when an errant spark ignited my paper mache model of the sun in my model solar system when I was ten. The sun, Mercury, Venus, and the Earth and went up in a fiery blaze before my mom managed to grab the fire extinguisher.

Not everything my magic has done has been bad however. My experiments with light have been safer and far more successful. I've figured out how to bend light to hide small objects in my hands, which I love to show off to my friends. I can make iron washers float

I haven't told anyone about my ability yet, and I do all of my experimentation in secret. People do get too curious, but I excel at making people believe what I say. I can make people that confuse people into just moving on. My friends still think I'm using sleight of hand and my mother still scratches her head when she tries to figure out how I do it. I can make iron washers float.

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I still haven't figured out how I do what I do or what to do with it yet, but too many people are catching on. I don't know what will happen if someone finds out.

## Chapter 2 by nabeela



And that's why school freaked me out this morning.

It started out as I was running in the rain. I was carrying my math assignment for first period, myself wrapped in layer after layer of jacket, sweatshirt, and raincoat.

I *thought* it would be precaution enough, but, nooo. Apparently one of my boots had a hole in it and I had to near-skip, because, obviously, I was electrocuting myself in the rain.

Gosh, I hate myself.

So, yeah, people were giving me funny looks. I mean what kind of *average* fourteen-year-old skips nervously to school and wears all the heavy clothing in his closet in a light drizzle?

Well, me. And don't laugh.

Anyways, as I was skipping towards school trying to balance myself from within all my clothing, this *cat* jumps out at me, because apparently, some old *landlady* shooed it out of the apartment I just happened to pass by.

So I did what any bumbling, anxious, teenager would do... and tripped. And dropped my first-period assignment on the wet ground. Well, I was totally ruined.

So when I got to school five minutes later, empty-handed, in my crazy fashion, my bewildered teacher says this:

"...your assignment, Nick?"

And I just have to say:

"I don't have one."

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"I could have just said it got lost."

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"And she tries to make me leave! And *that's* when it happens."

I, with all the dignity I can muster, point at my teacher, straight-backed, and pronounce:

"NO."

And at that very moment, the lights turn off and thunder crackles in the sky. My classmates start screeching. And that's when I say:

*"Holy wacka moly."*

---/sorry for the weirdness/---

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